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MEMOIRS.

OF

MRS. ANN ELIZA BLEECKER.

.....

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

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MRS. ANN ELIZA BLEECKER was the youngest child of Mr. BRANDT SCHUYLER, of this city, (the place of her nativity;) she was born in October, anno Domini 1752; and though in her early years she never displayed any partiality for school, yet she was passionately fond of books, insomuch that she read with propriety any book that came to hand long before the time that children in common pass their Spelling-Books. But though her poetical productions (which made their appearance very early) displayed a taste far superior to her years; yet, so great was her dis-

fidence of her own abilities, that none but her most intimate acquaintance were ever indulged with a view of any of her performances, and *then* they were no sooner perused than she destroyed them.

Hence it comes, that none of her compositions previous to the year 1769, are extant: in that year she married JOHN J. BLEECKER, esq: of *New-Rochelle*; and being willing *now* to cherish her genius, after a short residence in the capital, they retired to *Poughkeepsie*, where they stayed a year or two; and then taking a liking to the northern parts of this state, they removed to *Tomhanick*, a beautiful solitary little village eighteen miles above *Albany*. Here Mr. BLEECKER built him an house on a little eminence. On the *east* side of it was an elegantly simple *garden*, where fruits and flowers, exotics as well as natives, flourished with beauty; and a little beyond it the roaring river of *Tomhanick*, dashed with rapidity its foaming waters among the broken rocks; toward the *west*, lay wide cultivated fields; in the *rear*, a young orchard, bounded by a thick forest; and in *front*, (after crossing the main road) a meadow, through which wandered a dimpling stream, stretching itself to join a ridge of tall nodding pines, which rose in awful grandeur on the shelving brow of grassy mountain. Through the openings of this wood you might descry little cottages scattered up and down the country, whose environs the hard hand of industry had transformed into rich fields and blooming gardens, and literally caused the wilderness to blossom as the rose—It is to this scene she alludes where she so beautifully says,

Cast your eyes beyond this meadow,

Painted by a hand Divine,

And observe the ample shadow

Of that solemn ridge of pine.

This was such a retreat as she had always desired—the dark forest, the rushing river, and the green valley had more charms for her than the gay metropolis she had left, and in which she was so well calculated to shine: and she was so much attached to

rural pleasures, that no birds (those of prey excepted) were ever suffered to be shot near her habitation if she could prevent it—indeed, they built their nests unmolested in the very porch of the house.

And the cultivation of flowers had likewise a large share of her attention, so much, that where *Flora* had been remiss in decking the sod, she took upon herself that office, by gathering seeds from her own garden, and strewing them promiscuously in the woods and fields, and along the clovery borders of her favourite brook.

Till the memorable 1777, they lived in the most perfect tranquillity—fair prospects were opening on every side—Her mother, a widow, (an ornament to the sex) lived with her—her half-sister, Miss TEN Eyck, was her cheerful sprightly companion—and her attentive husband and prattling children closed the circle, and left her scarce another wish on this side of the grave—Then, indeed, the clamorous thunders of *War* frightened them from their peaceful dwelling, and the blasting hand of *Desolation* dispersed them as a flock in the desert.

Mr. BLEECKER, hearing of the approaches of the infatuated BURGOYNE, had left Mrs. BLEECKER with the children and servants, while he went to *Albany* to seek a place for them, (her mother and sister having just quitted her.) But he had scarce been gone a day when, as she sat at breakfast, she received intelligence that the enemy were within two miles of the village, burning and murdering all before them. Terrified beyond description she rose from the table, and taking her ABELLA on her arm, and her other daughter (about four years old) by the hand, she set off on foot, with a young mulatto girl, leaving the house and furniture to the mercy of the approaching savages. The roads were crowded with carriages, loaded women and children, but none could afford her assistance—distress was depicted on every countenance, and tears of heartfelt anguish moistened every cheek. They passed on—no one spoke to

another—and no sound but the dismal creaking of burdened wheels and the trampling of horses interrupted the mournful silence. After a tedious walk of four or five miles, she obtained a seat for the children upon one of the waggons, and she walked on to *Stony-Arabia*, where she expected to find many friends; but she was deceived—no door was open to her, whose house by many of them had been made use of as a home—she wandered from house to house, and at length obtained a place in the garret of a rich old acquaintance, where a couple of blankets, stretched upon some boards, were offered her as a bed; she, however, sat up all night and wept, and the next morning Mr. BLEECKER coming from *Albany*, met with them and returned to that city, from whence they set off with several other families by water. At twelve miles below *Albany* little ABELLA was taken so ill that they were obliged to go on shore, where she died. The impressions this event made on Mrs. BLEECKER'S mind were never effaced. The remembrance of every circumstance that led to it—the return of the season—the voice of an infant—or even the calm approach of a summer's evening, never failed to awaken all her sorrows; and she being naturally of a pensive turn of mind, too freely indulged them.

From this they proceeded to *Red-Hook*, where she met with her mother, who was declining very fast, and died a little after her daughter's arrival. The capture of BURGOYNE soon after taking place, they again set off to visit their little solitude, but in their journey thither, she had the sorrowful office of closing the eyes of her last remaining sister.*

The description she has given of these events, in a letter to a friend, may not be unacceptable.

* Her own sister, Mrs. Swits.—her half-sister, Mrs. Darbe, (then Miss Ten Eyck,) is still living.

Tomhanick, December 15, 1777.

"CURST be the heart that is callous to the feelings of humanity, and which, concentrated in itself, regards not the wailings of affliction! Excuse my enthusiasm—it is the effect of repeated injuries received in my flight; but thank heaven I have supported every shock with tolerable fortitude, except the death of my ABELLA—she indeed had wounded herself round every fibre of my heart—I loved, I idolized her—however, my little love languished and died, and I believe I could then have beheld with less anguish the dissolution of Nature than the last gasp of my infant. The sensations I felt at the death of my dear parent were of a different nature—it was *tranquil sorrow*, a *melancholy* which I have heard observed *soothes* the soul instead of corroding it. While I held the expiring saint in my arms, and saw her just verging into eternity—while I dropt tear after tear in solemn silence over her livid countenance, oh how sincerely did I wish to accompany her from those scenes of vanity, from which her admirable precepts had so much detached my affections! *Oh my mother! cried I, you lately wept for my ABELLA, we now pay the same mournful tribute to you! Oh Death! thou greatest evil annexed to human nature, how dost thou dissolve the sweet connections among men, and burst away the silken bands of Friendship! I thought I had now descended the lowest vale of mortal sorrow, but the deception vanished at the bed-side of my expiring sister. To enhance the distress, six tender infants were clamouring round their insensible mother, the one half unconscious of the occasion of the general grief, and only lamenting because the rest did.*

After her interment I returned hither, truly convinced how visionary the eclat of *this* world is, desiring to pass the remainder of my life in a tranquil enjoyment of the bounties of heaven, neither elated to the extravagance of *mirth*, nor sunk to the mean-ness of *dejection*."

A. E. B.

From this period till the year 1781, they lived in tolerable tranquillity, when, in the beginning of August, as Mr. BLEECKER was assisting in the harvest, he, with two of his men, were made prisoners by a party from *Canada*, and taken off immediately. As it was late in the afternoon, Mrs. BLEECKER expected him with a degree of impatience, and began to be apprehensive that something uncommon had occurred: a servant was therefore dispatched, who soon returned with the sorrowful account, that he could not see any of them, and that the waggon and horses were in the road tied to a tree.

She was at no loss to conjecture what was become of him, for a number of small parties from *Canada* were known to be sculking in the woods, for the sole purpose of carrying off the most active citizens. The neighbours therefore were immediately alarmed, and the woods, as far as was practicable, were searched; but they could not discover a single trace of the party. Mrs. BLEECKER, giving him up for lost, set off for *Albany* directly, though it was then near night, and abandoned herself to the most hopeless grief; but, by a wonderful train of events, Mr. BLEECKER was re-taken by a party from *Bennington*, after having passed the last habitation on this side of the *Green-Mountains*, and when his conductors for the first time had considered themselves as perfectly secure, they let him go. He returned to her in six days, and the joy she felt at finding him operating more powerfully than the grief she experienced at his loss, a fit of sickness ensued, which nearly proved fatal. They again returned to *Tomhanick*.

Though Mrs. BLEECKER was witness to many scenes of distress during the American war, in many of which she was the principal sufferer; yet, the idea of a *far distant* peace, which should again restore her to her friends, gilt the solitary shades which encompassed her, and bore her up under frequent and poignant griefs.

rors of vulgar superstition, however, and armed with conscious integrity, he was in no wise affrighted at the vision ; but justly concluding that so extraordinary a deviation from the general laws of nature, must have been permitted for reasons which would justify a supernatural agency, he determined to exert himself in endeavoring to discover what part it pleased providence that he should act, and to fulfil, to the best of his power, its behests.

He was deeply sunk in meditations of this nature, when a loud female shriek reached his ear, which appeared to have been uttered within the walls of the abbey. He listened attentively ; and in a few seconds heard it repeated, louder and more distressful than before. It was sufficiently evident now, that these sounds of agony proceeded from the monastery. The apparition rushed forcibly into his mind, and he could not but imagine, there must be some connexion between it, and what he had just heard. He resolved, however, immediately to satisfy his doubts, and proceeded to the abbey.

In a few minutes he reached it ; but all was once more still. He lifted the massive knocker of the outer gate, and rapped loudly at it.—The lengthened cloisters, and hollow vauntings of the pile reverberated the sound, and gave a noise like distant thunder. No answer was returned to this application for admittance ; though he could distinctly hear the whispering of two or three people within the gate.

His suspicions increased, and he once more applied to the knocker, which he struck against the door with a violence that shook the building. A person at length looked out from the window above, and demanded who was at the gate below ? “ If thou art the porter,” returned Edward, “ come down and give me entrance ; I am the son of the baron de Villars, and have business of importance with father Peter.”

“ My young lord,” replied the monk, “ I am the porter of the monastery ; but as the abbot sometime since retired to his rest, and the brethren to their

cells, I should incur the displeasure of my lord, were I to open the gate at so late an hour."

"Well, but," said Edward, "I promise thee, monk, if thou wilt give me an opportunity of seeing father Peter to-night, that no anger shall result to thee in consequence; I will engage to excuse you to the abbot, who will readily pardon your irregularity when he knows what I have to impart." On this the monk said he would immediately awaken the abbot, and let Edward into the monastery.

It was some time, however, before he came to the gate, and during the interval, Edward, by applying his ear to the key-hole, could distinguish the whisperings which he had before heard, though they were carried on in so low a voice that it was impossible for him to distinguish the subject of conversation.

The portal was at last opened, and Edward admitted.

As soon as he had reached the outer court, he perceived the abbot approaching him in a loose night-dress. He appeared to be about forty years of age, healthy and robust; somewhat corpulent, with a rosy countenance, and an eye that betokened no attachment to mortification of any kind.

"Son," cried he to Edward, "I have risen from my couch to attend your commands: brother Francis, our porter, having just informed me that the young lord de Villars had somewhat of consequence to impart to me."—Saying this, he led Edward into the refectory, and desired him to be seated by the expiring embers of a large fire.

"Father," replied Edward, "I am sorry to have disturbed the quiet of your convent, but I was called hither by the screams of female distress, which were twice distinctly heard to issue from within your walls." "Holy virgin!" exclaimed the abbot, "what dost thou say?—A female within these hallowed walls! take heed son not to scandalize our sacred profession by even hinting at so monstrous an offence.—No! the inmates of Netiey Abbey have long renounced the sex;

devoted to the service of their maker, their days are spent in prayer and fasting, their nights in vigils and short slumbers. Every office of the monastery is filled by some pious brother, and no female foot has trodden our cloisters since the walls were reared.—I doubt not, however, my son, that strange uncommon noises may have reached your ear; myself have heard them more than once, when at the close of day I have perchance been wandering near the abbey. Foul visions too have often crossed my sight; but these are all the illusions of our spiritual foe, who strives by those means to unhinge our minds, and hurry us into doubt and despair.”

Though the suspicions of Edward were not removed by what the abbot said, yet, as he perceived nothing was to be learned by appearing to disbelieve it, he seemed to acquiesce in the idea that his imagination had been imposed upon.—He therefore again apologized for having disturbed the quiet of the convent at so unseasonable an hour, and would have departed; but father Peter, after a moment's pause, taking him by the hand, said, “nay, hold, my son, for a few minutes; to convince you the more surely that your fancy must have been deceived, you shall accompany me through every chamber of our building, and see whether or not the monks of Netley harbour females within their walls.—Heaven forbid the profanation!” Saying this, he took a taper and first led Edward round the refectory, in which the monastics assembled to eat their meals in solemn silence. They next traversed the lofty cloisters that echoed to their steps, and by their gloom made solitude more dreadful. They entered the cells of the different brethren, who were reposing upon a simple mat, and covered with an hairy mantle. From thence they proceeded to the spacious cathedral, whose lofty windows sparkled with the richest painted glass, and whose crisped roof was decorated with all the fanciful ornaments of gothic architecture. Here the tapers still flamed, and waited the arrival of the monks, who at the hour of twelve, always rose to celebrate nocturnal masses.

Edward viewed these various proofs of human folly and superstition with pity and contempt; "strange," thought he, "that man should perversely heap upon himself unnecessary discomfort; and wilfully mistake the purposes for which he was created! Can the voluntary infliction of painful penances and unnatural mortifications be pleasing in the eye of that all-gracious being who rejoices only in the happiness of his creatures? Or can the empty pomp of solitary devotion atone for the neglect of those duties to each other, which we were born to fulfil?—Assuredly not; active benevolence and social virtue are alone acceptable with the deity; and no life can be grateful to him that is not beneficial to his creatures."

Having traversed every part of the pile, father Peter led Edward to the gate, who appeared to be perfectly satisfied that what he had heard could not have proceeded from the abbey; he then bestowed his benediction upon him, and bade him adieu.

Edward now proceeded slowly towards his father's castle, deeply musing on the occurrences of the evening. All the art of father Peter could not prevent him from suspecting that there was some dreadful mystery at the abbey which remained to be developed. He had observed the porter to be apparently agitated when he unbarred the gate; and the abbot's countenance also at times to be overspread with a guilty suffusion. But how to satisfy his suspicions he could not tell. He doubted not, however, that the same providence which had already afforded him proofs of its interference, would in time direct his researches; and therefore determined to wait till an opportunity of discovering the mystery should be given to him.

On his arrival at the castle, Edward found the family in some anxiety on his account; it being nearly midnight, a much later hour than he usually remained out. He observed his sister had been weeping, and that his father also appeared more than ordinarily dejected; but as he attributed their emotion to

fears for his safety, he made no enquiries relative to the causes of their concern, and taking an affectionate leave of them, retired to repose.

Full of the events which had occurred to him, it was a long time before Edward could compose himself to sleep; at length, however, exhausted with reflection and surmises, he sunk into a profound slumber.

Fancy now began to assume her undivided empire, and after combining a thousand whimsical and heterogeneous ideas in his mind, at length produced the following connected and methodical vision.

He imagined himself to be again strolling over the lawn of Netley abbey, by the light of the full orb'd moon; when suddenly he heard his name repeated in a low and mournful accent. Looking towards the shrubbery from whence the sound proceeded, he beheld the same armed figure which he had before seen, who beckoned him to approach. He accordingly directed his steps that way, but when he had arrived within a few yards of the phantom, it stretched out its lance, and pointing towards the walls, said; "Edward must seek for happiness within the vaults of Netley Abbey;" and, having uttered these words, it disappeared.

Edward now thought that he walked towards the walls, and had almost reached them, when he discovered amongst the brambles a trap door, wide open, through which streamed a faint ray of light. A long flight of stairs appeared. These he descended without hesitation, and quickly found himself in a damp and gloomy passage, that received a small degree of illumination from a dim lamp placed in a vault at the further end.

To this the youth fancied he proceeded. When he arrived there, he beheld a large subterraneous chamber, vaulted over head, but with no visible aperture by which daylight might be admitted. It was so extensive, and the lamp burnt so dimly, that he thought he could not discover what the cavern contained. He was therefore on the point of returning, when

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he heard a deep groan from the extreme part of it. This excited his curiosity; he took up the lamp, and with some little trepidation, began to explore the vault.—As he approached the further end, the rays of light were reflected by a suit of armour; and he perceived the figure of an armed knight stretched upon the ground, but apparently without life or motion.—To the wall above, were fixed his shield and lance. The face of the warrior being averted, Edward imagined he lowered the lamp, and bent forward in order to take a view of his features, when the shield suddenly tumbled from its situation, extinguished the light, and left him in total darkness.

Fancy now carried him through various obscure and intricate passages, till he at length arrived at a strong door, in the middle of which was an iron grating. On casting his eyes through this, he imagined he beheld a cell lighted by a single taper, in which appeared a beautiful virgin kneeling before a small crucifix, that was placed on a table. Unwilling to disturb her devotions, Edward thought he continued for some time, rapturously gazing on her charms, but was at length roused, by the clash of swords in the adjoining apartment. To this he immediately rushed; and saw a room elegantly illuminated, but floated with gore; at one end appeared an expiring knight, and at the other a person wrapped in a religious habit, and covered with a cowl, streaming with blood, and lifeless.—A confused noise now reached his ears of shouting and revelry; and a troop of knights and ladies appeared to be entering the apartments, amongst these was his father; the baron, who called to him with a voice so loud, as destroyed the vision and broke the bands of slumber.

When Edward unclosed his eyes, he found he had been really awakened by his father, who desired him to rise and attend him immediately in his own chamber. The youth accordingly dressed himself without delay, ruminating on the singular circumstances of his dream; and having prayed to the sovereign disposer

of all events, to arm him with firmness and fortitude, sufficient for any trials which it might please providence to impose upon him, he repaired with cheerfulness and confidence to the baron's apartment.

CHAPTER IX.

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"Beneath the silent gloom of solitude,
Though peace can sit and smile; though meek content
Can keep the cheerful tenor of her soul.
E'en in the loneliest shades, yet let not wrath
Approach; let black revenge keep far aloof,
Or soon they flame to madness."

Mason.

ON entering the room, Edward found his father traversing it with a quick and irregular step, that betokened unusual perturbation and anxiety. His brow was marked with careful thought, and an air of extraordinary melancholy overspread his features.—“Heavens!” cried the youth, alarmed at this uncommon appearance, “what disasters can have arisen which should so disturb my honored parent? Tell me, I conjure you, my lord, the source of your uneasiness; perhaps Edward may lessen, or remove it altogether.”—“For that purpose son,” returned the baron, “did I break your repose thus early. Circumstances very distressful have indeed occurred, though they are only what my fears foreboded; but I deem it necessary that you should be acquainted with them.

“Ever since the unfortunate day, when accident occasioned a renewal of my acquaintance with sir Hildebrand Warren, you have been perpetually urging me to return his visit, and introduce you to his knowledge. Hitherto I have resisted your solicitations, and indeed had determined to resist them still, because I KNEW the knight to be undeserving.

of your friendship; and SUSPECTED him to be a deep, designing, and relentless VILLAIN.—You seem surprised, at what I say; but that I may not appear to have formed harsh judgments, or harboured groundless suspicions, before I proceed further, I will explain to you my reasons for entertaining these injurious opinions.”

The baron then began to inform Edward of sir Hildebrand's character when a youth; of his profligacy, vice, and meanness; he afterwards detailed to him the particulars of his visit, especially the starts of conscious guilt which had appeared, on the baron's enquiry concerning the fate of the deceased sir Raymond and his children.

“Judge then,” continued de Villars, “whether I was not right in endeavouring to avoid any further intercourse with so vile a character. I had resolved indeed not to go near him myself, nor to permit you to seek his friendship; trusting that this appearance of neglect on our parts, would alarm his pride, of which he possesses an abundant share, and induce him to consider us as unworthy his further notice.—But alas! all my caution has been vain.—You had scarcely left the castle yesterday evening, when Robert came in, and announced the arrival of sir Hildebrand Warren, who was at the gate with several attendants. Eleanora requested my permission to retire, assuring me she felt herself possessed with an insurmountable dislike to the knight, and should be wretched in his company. She accordingly went to her apartment, and the next minute sir Hildebrand entered.

“He apologized for calling at the castle at so unseasonable an hour, but added, that he had been engaged in a long and fruitless chase after a stag, which having given them sport for several hours, had at length escaped; and that as the road to his own mansion ran by de Villars' castle, he could not think of returning home without enquiring after the health of the baron's family.—Besides my lord,” continued he,

"I much wished for the pleasure of a conversation with you on a subject that is very near my heart. You cannot misunderstand my meaning. I would speak to you relative to your beautiful daughter, the fascinating Eleanora, on whom I find my happiness depends. Yes, my lord, I candidly confess to you, that ever since I had the felicity of seeing this charmer, her idea has never once quitted my bosom; my thoughts have dwelt on her alone; and the summit of my ambition is to make her the lady of sir Hildebrand Warren."

"You, baron, are not ignorant of the largeness of my demesnes, and the extent of my influence with the reigning monarch, and therefore will doubtless endeavour to promote my suit, since its success must be the certain means of aggrandizing your sinking family, and restoring you and your children to the rank and splendour from which you have fallen."

"I speak to you, my lord, in this free and open manner, because I think you have too much understanding, and know the world too well, not to see the necessity of speedily leading your son and daughter from the obscurity in which they are wasting their lives, whether you determine to spend the remainder of yours in solitude or not. Eleanora if united to me, may move in that exalted circle which her accomplishments will adorn; and your son, having sir Hildebrand Warren for his friend, will soon acquire the favor of our prince, and arrive to dignities and rank."

"Had I applied to the king to demand your daughter, as perhaps many would have done to avoid the humbling circumstance of solicitation, you know full well, my lord, my request would have met with instant compliance; but I chose to owe the fair Eleanora to my own assiduities; to possess her free consent, rather than a forced acquiescence, extorted by the arbitrary commands of royalty."

"It was difficult for me (continued de Villars to Edward) to suppress the indignation and contempt

that arose in my soul at this speech of sir Hildebrand, in which pride, insolence, meanness and indelicacy were united. I had the prudence, however, to conceal my emotions. Indeed a moment's reflection warned me of the necessity of temporizing with the wretch; since his last words, which were meant to convey an oblique threat, convinced me he was determined to leave no scheme unessayed to accomplish his wishes.

"I therefore thanked him for the compliment which he intended to pay my family, but at the same time, declined endeavouring to bias my daughter in a matter of such importance to her own happiness, as the choice of her husband. In the affair of matrimony, (said I,) sir Hildebrand, it has always been my determination to permit my children to judge for themselves. No nuptials can be expected to produce felicity, in which the heart is not freely given with the hand; and God forbid that I should persuade my child to bestow the latter unless her undivided affections could accompany it. Affluence alone, sir Hildebrand, is not sufficient to render the marriage state a happy one. We may form the hymeneal chain of gold indeed, but it would be only the more heavy and galling to those who wear it. However, knight, I by no means withhold my consent to your soliciting the hand of Eleanora from herself. Her affections I dare believe are yet disengaged; should she confer them on you, you need not doubt my willingness to complete your happiness. But should she prefer continuing the companion of her declining father, to participating the wealth and splendor of sir Hildebrand Warren, his honor and generosity will, I doubt not, prevent all further importunities on the subject.

"The knight bit his lips at my last words, but after a moment's pause, replied; "Well my lord, I return you thanks for the candor with which you have spoken, and the frank permission you have given me to attempt securing the affections of the charming

Eleanora. But I pant for an opportunity of laying my heart at her feet.—As yet, my lord, neither yourself, your son, or daughter, have honored Netley castle with a visit. On the day after to-morrow, I purpose holding a tournament there, at which the neighbouring knights are invited to attend.—Say, shall the sports be crowned by the presence of my lovely Eleanora, with her father, and brother?" Not knowing how to refuse so direct an invitation, I replied in the affirmative; and sir Hildebrand apparently well pleased with my acquiescence, took his leave, and departed.

"As soon as he was gone (continued the baron,) I summoned Eleanora from her apartment, and unfolded to her what had passed between the knight and myself. Her distress, as you may suppose, was extreme. The unpolished manners of sir Hildebrand, his ferocious aspect, and the great disparity of their years, were objections not to be gotten over by a girl of your sister's virtue and delicacy. She burst into a violent flood of tears, and exclaimed. "Never, never, my honored parent can I consent to be sir Hildebrand's wife. My soul abhors him; and sooner would I pass my days in want and wretchedness, than share with him all that affluence and power can bestow. No: let me still continue to be the companion of my aged father; and in conjunction with Edward, by unremitted attentions, to soothe his sorrows, and comfort his declining years.—Let this be Eleanora's business, pride, and happiness." I appeased the distress of your sister by assuring her, that while I had life and could protect her she should never be separated from me contrary to her inclination; but observed to her, that as sir Hildebrand was powerful, and might effect his purposes by engaging the royal arm in his favor, it was necessary for us to act with some degree of dissimulation: and that whatever pain it might cost to conceal her dislike, it would be policy in her to preserve at least a kind civility towards him. This conduct, added I, my dear child, will at least gain us time, and perhaps

an opportunity of avoiding his future persecutions. At all events, however, let us make ourselves easy, since we are under the guidance of an over-ruling providence, that orders all for the best, and that will not withdraw its protection from us whilst we continue to deserve it.

"With language of this kind, Edward, I endeavoured last night to comfort your sister; though heaven knows my own mind was far from being in a calm and settled state. I foresee that the impetuous passions, and licentious violence of sir Hildebrand, will not brook a long delay; and should Eleanora once give him the least reason to suspect he is not the object of her regard, I doubt not that he will instantly arm himself with the king's mandate, and drag her a forced unwilling victim to the altar."

"Not while the blood of de Villars, my lord, circulates through my heart;" exclaimed Edward.—"Sir Hildebrand shall feel the temper of this trusty sword, ere he destroys the peace of Eleanora."

"Alas! my son," returned the baron, "what could our resistance effect? You behold this arbitrary chieftain, surrounded by numerous vassals, and strengthened by the protection of the king. The unassisted arms of your father and yourself, would avail but little against injustice when so powerfully upheld.—No, Edward, it will be necessary for us to act with cautious policy, rather than impotent violence. We will attend this tournament of the knight's, which he doubtless holds in order to display to your sister, his skill and grace in these martial exercises. She has been directed by me, to endeavour to dissemble her dislike to the attention of sir Hildebrand; who may, by these means, be deceived into an opinion, that he is not altogether disagreeable to her. This, perchance, will protract his suit in some measure; and we must employ the interval to our own advantage."

"It is rumoured abroad, that the barons, disgusted with the absurd partiality of the king to Gavas-

ton, and his numerous other weaknesses, have confederated together, in order to destroy this minion; and to regulate the vitiated government. The leaders of this conspiracy, are my particular friends; Humphry de Bohun, earl of Hereford, Aymer de Valence, earl of Pembroke, and Thomas, Earl of Lancaster. I have taken measures to assure myself of this report: and should I find it to be founded in fact, have determined immediately to solicit the protection of this powerful league.—If, however, it be a groundless story, we must prepare, I fear, to leave our retreat; and by secretly retiring to the country that gave me birth, endeavour to secure our Eleanora from the base designs of the too powerful sir Hildebrand Warren.”

It was sometime before the baron could convince Edward of the propriety of adopting these prudential measures. His generous soul flamed into indignation at the idea of wanton oppression; particularly when it applied to one so dear to him as his sister was. Having, however, always been accustomed to pay the most implicit deference to his father's opinion, he at length submitted to regulate his conduct according to his directions; to preserve an appearance of civility towards the knight; and to wait with patience till De Villars had received satisfactory answers to his enquiries respecting the state of public affairs.

Edward now thought it proper to inform the baron of the strange occurrences which had happened to him during the preceding evening, and the singular vision those events had given rise to; not omitting the various suspicious circumstances he had noticed in father Peter and the porter of the abbey.

De Villars was struck with deep astonishment at the narration; but after a pause of a few minutes, replied—“The finger of providence, my child, is sufficiently obvious in the events you have related, to render them worthy our serious regard; nor can we consider them as the wandering of a servant fancy,

or heated imagination. Heaven is doubtless about to reveal some fearful, bloody secret, and hath chosen you as its instrument in bringing it to light. That the abbey conceals a mystery of a horrible nature I have no doubt; and I am equally certain, sir Hildebrand Warren is connected with it in some shape or other. As the monastery, however, is under his immediate protection, and its inmates are doubtless upon their guard not to afford any trace by which their evil practises may be discovered, there will be no little difficulty in ascertaining the truth of our suspicions. But I will revolve the subject in my mind, Edward, and endeavour to suggest some plan, the execution of which will enable us to unfold the latent truth."

The bell now summoned the family to matins, which were daily celebrated in the hall of the castle. Hither the baron and his son repaired, the one with more composure of mind than he had enjoyed previous to his conversation; the other burning with all the impatience of youthful curiosity, to unravel the mystery of Netley Abbey.

CHAPTER X.

. . . .

"Eventful day, how hast thou chang'd my state!"—*Douglas.*

THE morning now at length arrived on which the baron and his children were to attend the tournament of sir Hildebrand Warren; a visit equally disagreeable to all three.

De Villars secretly detested the knight, yet cautious of betraying any symptoms of his real sentiments, lest he should provoke him to an instant exertion of unwarrantable power. Eleanora abhorring his addresses, yet constrained by the commands of

her father to receive them with civility ; and Edward flaming with indignation, but struggling to subdue the emotions of his mind, and to assume an appearance of confidence and serenity.

Agitated by these various sensations the baron's family at length reached Netley castle. It was an extensive and magnificent pile, but gloomy and retired ; standing in the centre of a large park, and completely invested with lofty and venerable woods. The hall was high and spacious, decorated with the trophies of war and the spoils of the chase. When in the possession of the late owner, it had almost daily been filled with the hungry and the poor ; and often rang with the cheerful sounds of the minstrel's harp. A surly warden now drove the necessitous from the threshold ; nor was the travelling bard permitted to chant his legendary song within its walls.

Sir Hildebrand received his guests with that air of conscious superiority with which the possession of excessive wealth is apt to inspire the mean and degenerate. To Eleanora indeed he abated a little of his pride ; though by pointing out, and dwelling upon the number of his domestics, the extent of his demesnes, and the splendor of his castle, he indulged his vanity, and endeavored to impress her with an idea of her happiness and good fortune in having an admirer so rich and powerful as himself. He had the mortification, however, of remarking, that all his endeavors to excite an appearance of regard and attention in his fair guest were vain ; Eleanora was either entirely insensible to his gallantries, or met them with such cool reserve, as convinced him he had hitherto made no progress in her favor. The haughty soul of sir Hildebrand was severely wounded at the indifference of De Villars's daughter ; but he dissembled his feelings, and ordered the tournament to commence.

The company, which consisted for the most part of the knight's retainers, and a few of the nearest lords and gentry, were now conducted to the back of

the castle, where lists were appointed for the combatants, and seats prepared for the accommodation of the spectators.

The baron declined entering into the sports on account of his advanced age; while Edward excused himself from taking a part in them under a plea of indisposition; but in reality because he feared the indignation which was struggling in his bosom would break out prematurely, should he engage in a contest with sir Hildebrand, who had given out that he should oppose all comers.

The knight presented Eleanora with a silken scarf of an azure color, which he requested (as queen of the sports) she would decorate the fortunate warrior, who should at the conclusion remain master of the field. The trumpets then sounded to the charge, and the sports began. It was impossible to refuse applause to the address of sir Hildebrand, who displayed a perfect knowledge of the amusement in which he was engaged. Indeed his gigantic size and uncommon strength gave him an advantage in this martial exercise which nothing but consummate adroitness on the part of his opponent could hope to equal. He unhorsed successively every knight who entered the lists; and added to the shame of discomfiture by many sharp sarcasms and ill-natured remarks on their misfortune.

As no other opponent now appeared, sir Hildebrand was declared victor, and had already approached the seat of Eleanora to receive from her fair hand the reward of his valour, when the warder of the castle entered, and exclaimed, "My lord, a stranger knight, who was accidentally passing this way, hearing that you were celebrating a tournament at the castle, claims the privilege of hospitality, and demands the honor of breaking a lance with you." "Assuredly," said sir Hildebrand; "I shall be right glad to add one more name to my list of victories to day."

In a few minutes the warder returned, leading in

the stranger knight. He was a tall and elegant figure, clad in a complete suit of black armour, and mounted on a sable steed. On his helmet waved a large plume of crimson feathers; in his right hand he bore a ponderous lance, and his left supported a massive shield charged with a bloody dagger, under which appeared this motto—A JUST REVENGE.

On his entrance he bent gracefully to the company, made a profound obeisance to Eleanora, and took his place on the lists. Sir Hildebrand again mounted his palfrey, and the trumpets once more sounded to the charge. The combatants ran with great fury at each other; but though both their lances were shivered in the shock, yet neither of them lost his seat.

Fresh weapons were now provided for them, and they prepared to make a second charge. In this, however, sir Hildebrand was not quite so fortunate as he had been; the violence of the stranger's thrust carried him fairly from his saddle, and had he not recovered himself by a sudden evolution of his horse, would certainly have borne him to the ground.

Shame and rage took possession of the knight. To be thus foiled in the sight of his mistress, and in the moment of victory, was so severe a wound to his vanity and pride that he could not conceal his mortification. "Stranger," cried he, in a voice choaked with passion, "you may consider yourself as indebted to accident for the little advantage you gained in the last encounter. The succeeding one, however, shall give you occasion to rue having opposed yourself to sir Hildebrand Warren." The stranger gently shook his head, but made no answer.

Each now collected himself for a charge, which both determined should be decisive. Sir Hildebrand, nearly mad with rage, summoned all his strength and skill, and furiously rushed towards his adversary. The other met him with equal vigor. The shock was desperate. The lance of sir Hildebrand however snapping in the middle, the stranger's weapon

struck with irresistible violence against him ; he lost his seat ; the reins fell from his hands, and he came with a most terrible crush to the ground.

Being entirely deprived of sense or motion by the accident, the attendants ran in to administer their assistance, which gave the stranger knight an opportunity of repairing to the seat of Eleanora to receive the prize of victory. When he reached it he dismounted from his steed, and falling on one knee, solicited, in elegant terms, that he might receive the scarf from her hands, and wear it in future as the badge of being her knight. Saying this, he lifted up the visor of his helmet, and displayed a manly and handsome countenance, the expressive index of a great and generous soul. Eleanora, with a modest blush that made her charms more interesting, threw the scarf across his shoulder ; paying him at the same time a handsome compliment on the skill he had exhibited, and congratulating him on the success with which it had been crowned. He then rose, made another obeisance, and withdrew.

Sir Hildebrand in the interim recovered from the shock he had received ; but it was only to experience new mortification. He eagerly inquired for the victorious knight, and learnt his departure with strong marks of disgust and disappointment ; when he heard however, that Eleanora's hand had decorated him with the silken scarf, his fury rose to the highest pitch. The pangs of jealousy took possession of his soul, and his suspicions immediately whispered to him that the warrior, with whom he had contended in the tournament, was no other than a favored lover of Eleanora's. Her disregard of his addresses was now accounted for ; the coldness too with which the baron had received his proffers appeared no longer extraordinary. He doubted not but the knight had been made acquainted with the entertainment by one or the other of them, and prevailed upon to attend it for the purpose of blasting the laurels of sir Hildebrand, and carrying off the glory of the day.

However unlikely all these suppositions were, yet the tinge of jealousy gave them a probable appearance; and being once admitted into his bosom, they were received as incontrovertible truths. A deep desire of revenge, the inseparable companion of this mental malady, now settled in his soul. Eleanora, who so lately reigned the empress of it, now became the object of his deadly hate, and his thoughts teemed with fell and sanguinary purposes.

He approached de Villars's daughter, and addressing her in a low voice, said, "Lady, your minion did right to depart this castle ere I had an opportunity of *properly thanking* him for his visit; he might else have had cause to repent the hour in which he intruded within its walls. But though he has now escaped, he shall not long have to boast the success of his insolence. Sir Hildebrand Warren is not to be dishonoured with impunity." Saying this he scowled with a frown of revenge upon De Villars and his children, and retired without further ceremony into the castle.

The baron on his return could not refrain from reflecting on the singular adventures of the day, and the unaccountable rage of sir Hildebrand. He had heard the threatening purport of his speech to Eleanora, but was at a loss to conceive what strange workings of the mind should have given so sudden a turn to his sentiments respecting her.

The real motives of his conduct were so wild and absurd, that they never once entered the imagination of the baron. Knowing, however, the violence of the knight's passions, and the profligacy of his character, he could not but feel an anxiety as to the consequences of the events which had occurred; and he determined on immediately endeavouring to arm himself and family against his power and machinations, by soliciting the protection of the confederated barons.

The mind of Eleanora, also, was not more easy than that of her father, but from a different cause.

The elegant form, engaging countenance, graceful carriage, and gallant conduct of the stranger knight had made a deep impression on her heart, and excited emotions which she had never before experienced. At every mention of him, by her father, a sudden blush overspread her cheek; an unusual tremor seized her frame; and though the subject was the most interesting to her of any other, yet she found herself incapable of conversing on it. At one time her fears were alarmed for his safety in case sir Hildebrand should discover who he was; at another, her soul sunk at the reflection that it was probable he might already be far distant, and never be seen by her again.

Edward likewise felt himself much interested about the stranger. He had marked the nobleness of his countenance when he removed his visor (which the baron had not seen, owing to the situation in which he was placed) and observed in it the traces of an invincible spirit struggling with mental anguish. His compassion and esteem were instantly engaged, and he longed to know the particulars of a history that probably teemed with many interesting circumstances.

These considerations, however, could not divert his mind from dwelling on the extraordinary events which had happened to himself. He revolved them over and over; suggesting and rejecting a thousand schemes for satisfying his doubts, and developing the secret which Netley Abbey contained. One at length occurred to him that appeared to be feasible, and likely to answer the ends proposed. "My lord, (said he to the baron) I have, during our walk, been chiefly employed in endeavoring to discover some means of penetrating the mysterious conduct of father Peter, and the iniquitous scenes which it is too probable his convent conceals. A plan has at length suggested itself that may be easily put in execution, and promises to be crowned with complete success. The usage of the times, you know, my lord, per-

mits the monks to enjoy the entertainment of minstrelsy, and the itinerant bard is always received right gladly by them. Minstrels they hold in the highest estimation, and place in them the most implicit confidence.

"I purpose, then, on the morrow to clothe myself in the garb of this profession, and with my harp in my hand, to request refreshment and a night's repose at the abbey. That I shall be admitted, there can be no doubt; and my disguise and skill on the instrument will prevent a discovery of the deceit. As soon as the monks have retired to their repose, and all is quiet in the monastery, I will commence my researches, and scrutinize with the utmost diligence every corner of it. If there be any latent villany which it is the intention of providence to make manifest, the all-wise Director of human affairs will perchance afford me a clue by which I may be enabled to bring it to light."

De Villars listened to his son with great attention; the scheme struck him as being a very reasonable one; he immediately sanctioned it with his approbation, and it was determined that Edward should put it in practice on the ensuing afternoon.

(To be continued.)

THESSALONICA :

A ROMAN STORY.

....

THESSALONICA, in consequence of its commercial situation, was populous and rich. Its fortifications and numerous garrison had preserved it from injury during the Gothic war in the year 390, and the number of inhabitants was greatly increased, at the expense of the defenceless districts and cities.

Its place, with relation to Dalmatia, the Peloponnese and the Danube, was nearly central. Its security had been uninterrupted for ages, and no city in the empire of Theodosius exhibited so many monuments of its ancient prosperity. It had been for many years the residence of the prince, and had thence become the object of a kind of filial affection. He had labored to render it impregnable by erecting bulwarks and guarding it with the bravest of his troops; he had endowed the citizens with new revenues and privileges, had enhanced the frequency of their shows, and the magnificence of their halls and avenues, and made it the seat of government of Illyria and Greece.

Its defence was intrusted to Botheric, whom he had selected for his valor, fidelity and moderation; and he commended with equal zeal to this officer the defence of the city from external enemies, and the maintenance of justice and order within its walls.

The temper of Botheric was generous and impetuous. He was unacquainted with civil forms, and refrained as much as possible from encroaching on the functions of the magistrate. His education and genius were military, and he conceived that his commission required from him nothing but unwearied attention to his soldiers. His vigilance was bent to maintain order and obedience among them, and to prevent or to stifle dissensions between them and the citizens. For this end he multiplied their duties and exercises, so as to leave no room for intercourse with the people. Their time was constantly occupied with attendance at their stations, or performance of some personal duty in their quarters.

By these means the empire of order was for some time maintained; but no diligence or moderation could fully restrain the passions of the multitude. Quarrels sometimes arose between the spectators at the theatre and circus and the centinels who were planted in the avenues. The general was always present at the public shows; clamor and riot instantly at-

tracted his attention, and if a soldier was a party in the fray, he hastened to terminate the contest by examination and punishment.

You need not be told, that the populace of Roman cities are actuated by a boundless passion for public shows. The bounty of the prince cannot be more acceptably exerted than in pecuniary donations for this purpose, and by making exhibitions more frequent and magnificent. The gratitude of this people is proportioned not to the efficacy of edicts to restrain crimes, alleviate cares, or diminish the price of provisions, but to the commodiousness and cheapness of seats in a theatre, or to the number and beauty of the horses which are provided for the circus.

The prince had manifested his attachment to this city in the usual manner. The finest horses were procured at his expense from Africa and Spain; new embellishments were added to the chariots, and a third set of characters, distinguished by a crimson uniform, was added to the former. Once a month the people were amused by races, at the expense of their sovereign.

At one of these exhibitions a citizen by the name of Macro attempted to enter a gate by which the Senators passed to their seats. Order had long since established distinctions in this respect, and every class of the people enjoyed their peculiar seats and entrances. Macro was therefore denied admission by two soldiers stationed in the passage. He persisted in his efforts to enter, and the soldiers persisted in their opposition, till at length a scuffle ensued in which the citizen was slightly wounded.

The games not having begun, many from within and without were attracted to the spot. The crowd insensibly increased, and the spectators seemed willing to discountenance the claims of Macro; the sight of his blood, however, changed the tide in his favor; the soldiers were believed to have proceeded to this extremity without necessity, and to have exercised their power wantonly.

Clamors of disapprobation were succeeded by attempts to disarm the centinels and conduct them before the tribunal of their general. This was usually held in an upper porch of the edifice. Botheric was momentarily expected, and the persons who urged the seizure of the culprits were governed by pacific intentions. The soldiers were supposed to have transgressed their duty, and redress was sought for in a lawful manner. Botheric was the only judge of their conduct, and confidence was placed in the equity of his decision.

The soldiers maintained the rectitude of their proceeding, and refused to resign their arms or leave the post. Some endeavored to gain their end by expostulation and remonstrance. The greater number were enraged, and their menaces being ineffectual, were quickly succeeded by violence. The interior passages were wide, but the entrance was narrow, and the soldiers profited by their situation to repel the assaults that were made upon them. The wounds which they inflicted in their own defence augmented the fury of their assailants. They fought with desperate resolution, and were not overpowered till they had killed five of the citizens.

At length the soldiers sought their safety in flight. The mob poured into the passages. One of the fugitives was overtaken in a moment. The pursuers were unarmed, but the victim was dashed against the pavement, and his limbs were torn from each other by the furious hands that were fastened upon him. While his lifeless and bleeding trunk was dragged along the ground, and thrown to and fro by some, others were engaged in searching for him that escaped.

While roaming from place to place, they met a soldier whom his officer had dispatched upon some message. They staid not to inquire whether this was he of whom they were in search, but seizing him, they dragged him to the midst of the square, and dispatched him with a thousand blows.

The tumult was by no means appeased by these executions. Numbers flocked to the scene. The sight of the dead bodies of the citizens, imperfect and exaggerated rumors of the cruelty of the centinels, the execrations and example of those who had been leaders in the tumult, conspired to engage them in the same outrages.

The pursuit of the fugitive soldier did not slacken. The galleries and vaults were secured, and every place resounded with uproar and menace. Meanwhile, the seats of the senators were filled with a promiscuous crowd, who gladly seized this opportunity of engrossing places more convenient than any other.

At this moment Botheric and his officers arrived. The entrance was inaccessible, by reason of the crowd stationed without, and the numbers that were struggling in the passages to the senatorial benches. In this contest the weaker were overpowered, and scores were trodden to death or suffocated. The general and his officers were no sooner known to be arrived, than they were greeted on all hands by threatening gestures and insolent clamors. The heads of the slaughtered soldiers were placed upon pikes. Botheric was compelled to gaze upon their gory visages, and listen to the outcries for vengeance which ascended from a thousand mouths.

This unwonted spectacle, and the confusion which surrounded him, threw him into a temporary panic. It was requisite to ascertain the causes of this tumult, to prevent its progress and to punish its authors; but his own safety was to be in the first place consulted. How far that was endangered by the fury of the populace it was impossible to foresee.

His retinue consisted of twenty officers, who were armed as usual with daggers. Recovering from their first astonishment, they involuntarily drew their weapons and crowded round their general. This movement seemed by no means to intimidate the populace, whose outcries and menaces became more vehement

than ever. As their numbers and fury increased, they pressed more closely and audaciously upon this slender band, whose weapons pointed at the bosoms of those who were nearest, and who could scarcely preserve themselves from being overwhelmed.

Botheric's surprise quickly yielded to a just view of the perils that surrounded him. The cause of this tumult was unknown; but it was evident that the temper of the people was revengeful and sanguinary. The slightest incident was sufficient to set them free from restraint. The first blood that should be shed would be the signal for outrage, and neither he nor his officers could hope to escape with their lives.

His first care, therefore, was to inculcate forbearance on his officers. This, indeed, would avail them but little, since the foremost of the crowd would be irresistibly impelled by those who were behind, and whose numbers incessantly increased. In a moment they would be pressed together, their arms would be useless, and secret enemies, by whom he vaguely suspected that this tumult had been excited, would seize that opportunity for wreaking their vengeance.

To escape to the neighboring portico was an obvious expedient; but the galleries, above and below, were already filled with a clamorous multitude, whose outcries and gesticulations prompted those below to the commission of violence. His troops were either dispersed in their quarters, or stationed on the walls. The few whose duty required their attendance at the circus, could afford no protection. Those at a distance could not be seasonably apprized of the danger of their leader; and if they were apprized, they would be at a loss, in the absence of their officers, in what manner to act. To endeavor to restore tranquility by persuasion or remonstrance was chimerical. No single voice could be heard amidst the uproar.

In this part of the square there had formerly been erected an equestrian statue of Constantius. It had been overthrown and broken to pieces in a popular

sedition. The pedestal still remained. The advantage of a lofty station, for the sake either of defence or of being heard, was apparent. Botheric and two of his officers leaped upon it, and stretched forth their hands in an attitude commanding silence.

This station, by rendering the person of Botheric more distinguishable at a distance, only enhanced his danger. A soldier, by name Eustace, who had a few days before been punished for some infraction of discipline and ignominious dismissal from service, chanced to be one of those who were gazing at the scene from the upper portico. The treatment he had received could not fail to excite resentment, but the means of vengeance were undigested and impracticable. His cowardice and narrow understanding equally conspired to render his malice impotent. He intended the next day to set out for his native country, Syria, and meanwhile, mixed with the rabble which infested the circus.

Botheric had extorted, by his equity and firmness, the esteem of the magistrates and better class of the people. The vile populace were influenced by no sentiment but fear. Botheric had done nothing to excite their hatred; and his person would probably have remained uninjured till the alarm had reached the citadel, and the troops had hastened to his rescue, had not Eustace unhappily espied him as he stood upon the pedestal.

The soldier had a heavy stone in his hand with which he had armed himself, from a general propensity to do mischief, and a vague conception that it might be useful to his own defence. The person of his enemy was no sooner distinctly seen, than a sudden impulse to seize this opportunity for the gratification of his vengeance was felt by him. He threw the stone towards the spot where the general stood.

Botheric was exerting his voice to obtain an audience, when the stone struck him upon his breast. The blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils, his speech and strength failed, and he sunk upon the ground.

This outrage was observed with grief, rage and consternation by his retinue. Their own safety required the most desperate exertions. Two of them lifted the general in their arms, while the rest with one accord brandished their weapons and rushed upon the crowd. They determined to open a way by killing all that opposed them.

Men crowded together in a narrow space are bereft of all power over their own motions. Their exertions contribute merely to destroy their weaker neighbors, without extricating themselves. Those whom chance exposed to the swords of the officers were unable to fly. Their condition was no less desperate; and the blood that flowed around them insensibly converted their terror into rage.

The contest was unequal, and a dreadful carnage ensued before the weapons could be wrested from their owners. A thousand hands were eager to partake in the work of vengeance. The father had seen the death of his son, and the son had witnessed the agonies of his father. The execution appeared to be needless and wanton; and the swords, after being stained with the blood of their kinsmen, were aimed at their own breasts. This was no time to speculate upon causes and consequences. All around them was anarchy and uproar, and passion was triumphant in all hearts.

Botheric and his train were thrown to the ground, mangled by numberless wounds, or trampled to pieces. The assassins contended for the possession of the dismembered bodies, and threw the limbs, yet palpitating, into the air, which was filled with shouts and imprecations.

All this passed in a few minutes. Few were acquainted with the cause of the tumult; still fewer were acquainted with the deplorable issue to which it had led. The immediate actors and witnesses were fully occupied. The distant crowd, whose numbers were increased by the arrival of those who from all quarters were hastening to the circus, could only

indulge their wonder and panic, and make fruitless inquiries of their neighbors.

In this state of things a rumor was hatched and propagated with infinite rapidity, that the soldiers had received orders to massacre the people, and that the execution had already begun. All was commotion and flight. The crowd melted away in a moment. The avenues were crowded with the fugitives, who overturned those whom they met, or communicated to them their belief and terror. Every one fled to his house, and imparted to his family the dreadful tidings. Distraction and lamentation seized upon the women and domestics. They barred their doors, and prepared to avoid or resist the fate which impended over them.

Meanwhile, those who had rushed through the unguarded passages and occupied the senatorial seats, were alarmed and prompted to return by the continuance of the uproar without. In their haste to issue forth they incumbered and impeded each other, and the passage was choked. Some one appeared in an upper gallery, and called upon the people to provide for their safety, for that Botheric had directed a general massacre.

This intelligence operated more destructively than a thousand swords. In the universal eagerness to escape, the avenues were made impassable, and numbers were overthrown and trampled to death.

The magistrates had taken their places when the tumult began. Some were infected with the general panic, and made ineffectual efforts to escape. It became the duty of the chief magistrate to apply all his endeavors to the checking of the evil. He waited in anxious suspense for information as to the nature and extent of the mischief; but nothing could reach him but a mutilated tale: he heard outcries, and witnessed the commotion, but was wholly at a loss as to their cause or tendency.

After a time the tumult began to subside; the passages were gradually cleared by the suffocation of

the weaker, and the multitude rushed over the bodies of their fellow-citizens into the square. The timorous hastened to their homes, and spread the alarm to the most distant quarters of the city: others, more courageous or inquisitive, lingered on the spot, gazed upon the mangled and disfigured bodies which were strewn around the pedestal, and listened to the complaints of the wounded, and the relations of those who had been active in the fray.

Those whose passions had not been previously excited, no sooner recognized the visages of Botheric and some of his retinue among the slain than terrors of a new kind were awakened: the murder of one of the most illustrious men in the empire, and one who possessed beyond all others the affections of the prince, was an event pregnant with the most disastrous consequences. That his death would call down some signal punishment, in which themselves, though innocent, might be involved, was justly to be dreaded; that the resentment of the soldiery would stimulate them to some sudden outrage, was no less probable: there was imminent peril in being found near the spot. The spectators gradually withdrew, and solitude and silence succeeded; the uproar was hushed, the circus was deserted, and a panic stillness seemed to hover over the city.

As soon as obstructions were removed, the prefect of the city, attended by civil officers, ascended a tribunal in a hall near the circus; some of his attendants were immediately dispatched to examine the scene of the conflict, to arrest all who should be found near it, and collect all the information that offered.

Those charged with this commission speedily returned, leading two men, whose wounds did not disable them from walking when supported by others: these persons were questioned as to their knowledge of the disaster; one of them related, that when the officers were encompassed by the mob, it was his ill fortune to be placed near them; he was a stranger

to the cause of the tumult, and endeavored with his utmost strength to extricate himself from his perilous situation : the populace were loud in their clamors, the officers seemed resolute in their own defence, and he dreaded that the scene would terminate in bloodshed : his temper was pacific and timid, and he desired nothing more than to remove to a safe distance.

While making efforts for this purpose, the officers assailed the crowd, and he was the first to fall by their swords ; his senses deserted him, and he did not revive until the mob had entirely dispersed.

His companion told a tale nearly similar, and the attendants informed the magistrate that Botheric and his tribunes had perished, their scattered remains being found upon the spot.

He was startled and confounded by this incident. To what excesses the soldiers might be suddenly transported, when freed from the restraints of discipline, it was easy to foresee. No other expedient suggested itself, than to summon the municipal body, and request their counsel in this urgent danger.

The members of the senate were preparing to go to the circus. This was commonly done with equipage and pompous train. The hour of assembling was arrived, and they were preparing to set out, when rumours of sedition and massacre assailed them. Messengers were by some dispatched to obtain more distinct information, some of whom returned with tidings gleaned from the fugitives whom they encountered in the way. Others, more intrepid, ventured to approach the circus, and examine objects with their own eyes. They brought back the tidings that Botheric and his officers were slain by the people.

The most courageous were deeply apprehensive of the consequences which would grow out of his untimely death. They were alternately perplexed with wonder respecting the cause of so memorable a catastrophe, and with dread of the vengeance which it would excite in the bosom, not only of the soldiers,

but of the prince. They were recalled from their mournful reveries, by loud signals at their gate, and the entrance of an herald, who, in the name of the prefect summoned them to council. The summons was gladly obeyed.

Some time had now elapsed. The citizens, immured in their houses, darted fearful glances from their balconies and windows, anxious to hear tidings. The passing Senators were recognized, and their progress attended with importunate inquiries into the nature of the threatened evil, and with applications that their zeal should be exerted to preclude it.

Many, encouraged by the presence of their magistrates, joined the cavaicade, and the Senate house was quickly surrounded by an immense, but trembling multitude. The Senate being, at length, convened, the prefect laid before them all the intelligence which he had been able to procure respecting the late tumult. He expatiated on the enormity of the deed that had been perpetrated in the murder of Botheric and his officers, and enumerated its probable effects on the minds of the soldiers, and of the prince. He pointed out the necessity of ascertaining the genuine circumstances of the case, of detecting and punishing the criminals, and of appeasing the resentment of the sovereign and the troops.

While engaged in consultation, the wrath which we so justly dreaded, was already excited in the soldiers. Affrighted at the fate of their companions, the centinels posted in the circus fled with precipitation to the military quarter. The rumour was at first indistinct, and as affrays of this kind were not uncommon, the soldiers trusted to the equity of their leader for the vindication of their wrongs. Presently a messenger arrived, informing them that their General was surrounded and likely to be slain by the populace.

At this news, many ran together, and intreated the subaltern officers to lead them to the rescue of their General. As no orders were transmitted from

their superiors, the Centurions hesitated to comply. Their reluctance to interpose was increased by the incredibility of the danger. The clamours of the soldiers, however, who threatened to march without permission, conquered this reluctance and five hundred men were called out.

The general consternation which they witnessed on their march, excited their fears. The few persons who remained in the square, vanished at their approach, and they were left to learn the fate of their officers from the view of their lifeless remains.

The soldiers of Botheric were his friends, countrymen, and family. They had devoted themselves to his honour, and followed his standard, in the service of Theodosius, with invincible fidelity. Many of them had bound themselves by oaths to die with him.

The mangled and dishonoured corpse of this adored leader, now presented itself to their eyes. Every sentiment was absorbed, for a time in astonishment and grief. They inquired of each other, if the spectacle which they beheld was real; if these, indeed, were the members and features of their beloved chief. They held up his remains to view, bathed his disfigured face with their tears, and burst, at length, into a cry of universal lamentation.

Many, in pursuance of their vow not to survive their leader, stabbed themselves, and died upon the spot. Others exclaimed that their vows to that effect, should be performed only when the funeral honours and the vengeance due to their chief, were fully paid. They collected his remains, and wrapping them in his mantle, set out on their return to the citadel, in a solemn procession. On their way they sung wild and melancholy dirges, in the fashion of their country, and mingled with their music fits of passionate weeping. In the streets which they passed, every one fled before them, and all around was lonely and desolate.

Intelligence of their approach was quickly received by their comrades at the citadel, who came out in great numbers, and joined the procession. Indignation and fury appeared to be suspended in a superior passion.

Meanwhile, the subaltern officers were no sooner fully apprized of the havoc which had taken place, than they assembled in a kind of counsel. They were aware of the necessity of subordination, and they did not mean that their vengeance should be less sure because it was delayed. One of their number, by name Walimer, an hoary veteran, was unanimously chosen their leader.

Walimer concealed, under a savage aspect, all the qualities of a judicious commander. His grief for the fate of Botheric was tempered by prudence and foresight. As soon as the choice was known, he leaped into the midst of the assembly, and devoted himself, with solemn imprecations, to the task of avenging their late chief. At the same time, he enlarged upon the benefits of circumspection and delay. The first measure he proposed was to dispatch a messenger to Theodosius, with an account of this transaction. He questioned not that the Emperor would authorize a signal retribution to be inflicted on the guilty, and that they would be appointed the ministers of his justice. It was easy to convince his hearers of the advantage of proceeding in the business of revenge with the sanction or connivance of the government. If the Emperor should refuse justice, it would then be time enough to extort it. The arms and fortifications were still in their possession, and these it would be wise to guard with the utmost vigilance. In this counsel the new tribunes readily concurred, and suitable remonstrances convinced the soldiers of the propriety of the choice that had been made, and the proceedings adopted. Three horsemen, charged with the delivery of a message to the Emperor, were immediately dispatched to *Mediola-*

mun.

To communicate information of these events to the monarch, to deprecate his anger, and convince him of the innocence of the magistrates and the greater part of the people, were likewise suggested to the Senate by one of its members. The wisdom of this counsel was obvious. The prefect was authorized, to draw up a statement of the truth, from such information as he had already received, or should speedily obtain. This was to be done with all possible expedition, in order to prevent the propagation of rumours.

Meanwhile, a deputation was appointed to visit the citadel, to declare to the soldiers the sincere regret of the Senate for the unhappy event that had befallen, to exhort them to moderation and peace, and assure them that the most strenuous exertions should be made to detect the authors of the tumult, on whom the most signal punishment should be inflicted.

The deputies were astonished to observe the order which reigned in the soldiers' quarters. No clamors or menaces were heard. They were conducted to the hall, where Walimer and his officers were seated, and their exhortations and pleas were listened to with sullen and mournful silence.

Walimer, in answer to their message, informed them of the choice which the soldiers had made of a new chief, declared his implicit reliance on the justice of the Emperor, to whose decrees he and his troops were determined to conform, and admonished them to execute, without delay, the justice which they promised. He told them that discipline should be as rigidly maintained as formerly, and that things should remain in their present state till the will of their common sovereign was known. The Senate waited, in eager suspense, the return of their deputies. The pacific deportment and professions of Walimer being communicated to them, they retired, with their fears considerably allayed, to their houses.

Heralds were dispatched to all quarters to acquaint the people with the result of this conference, and to

exhort them to observe a cautious and peaceable behaviour; punishments were denounced against any who should be detected in any riotous act, and all persons were enjoined to repair to the tribunal of the chief magistrate, and give what information they possessed relative to this transaction.

The ensuing night was passed by the prefect in receiving and comparing depositions of real or pretended witnesses. Macro was traced to his home. He was, by trade, an armourer, and lived with his family, in an obscure corner. His wounds were of no great moment, and the officers of justice found him at supper, in his hovel. He was hurried to the tribunal, followed by his wife and immediate kindred, who trembled for his safety.

As he was the author of this tumult, he could expect little mercy from his audience. Those whose relations or friends had fallen were deeply exasperated at him whose folly and rashness had given birth to evil. Others, who reflected on future calamities, likely to flow from the same source, pursued him with the utmost rancour.

In spite of proclamations and menaces, curiosity and fear attracted great numbers to the hall of justice. Their panic stillness was succeeded by commotion and rage. The steps of Macro were accompanied by hootings and execrations, and they clamoured loudly for his punishment.

Being sensible of the danger that attended this unlawful meeting, the prefect showed himself to the people from a balcony, and endeavoured to harangue them into moderation and patience. He pointed out the enormous evils which their turbulent concourse had already produced, and urged every topic likely to influence their fears, to induce them to disperse.

The effects of these remonstrances were partial and temporary. My promises that the culprits should not escape the most condign punishment, gratified their sanguinary appetites, and their murmurs were hushed.

The threats of torment extorted from Macro a confession of his offences. It seems that when he came to the circus, he was intoxicated with wine, and had mistaken one entrance for another. In the confusion of his intellects, he neither listened to, nor understood the object of the centinels, and he persisted in claiming a privilege which he regarded as justly his due. The consequences have been already related, and afford a memorable proof, from slight causes the most disastrous and extensive effects may flow.

Macro's offence was venial and slight; but it was considered that, even if his life was a necessary sacrifice, neither the soldiers nor the people, whose judgments were always fettered by prejudice and passion, would consent to dismiss him in safety. Neither would they be satisfied by the infliction of a slight or tardy penalty. Macro, besides, was a depraved and worthless individual, whose life or death was, in the eyes of his judges, of the most trivial moment. Influenced by these considerations, the magistrates, with some reluctance, condemned Macro to have his arms and legs cut off, and afterwards to be beheaded on the spot where Botheric had fallen, and which was dyed with the blood of those who owed their untimely fate to his temerity.

This sentence was heard by the friends of the criminal with groans of despair, and by the rest of the audience, with shouts of applause. The criminal was loaded with chains, and led away to prison. Being aware that the fury of the people might betray them into some outrage, I addressed them anew from the balcony, and admonished them to retire.

Some symptoms of compliance appeared in part of the assembly, who began to separate. A multitude, however, crowded round Macro, as he came forth from the hall, and greeted him with insults and curses,

(To be concluded in our next.)

For the Literary Miscellany.

ESSAY.....NO. III.

ON TYRANNY.

My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
 I play the torturer by small and small,
 To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken.
Shakspeare.

THERE is no character so universally hated, as that of a *Tyrant*; nor is there any more derogatory to the human species. It has been argued by many, that a man is doing a peculiar service to his country, in hurling a Tyrant from the world. But notwithstanding, it is my opinion that no man is justifiable in taking the life of a Tyrant. The laws of a civilized world, are such, as to give us ample redress for any injuries we may sustain. One who commits murder in any shape, or way, or under any pretence whatever, is in the highest degree criminal. And an individual has no right to take upon himself, that which devolves on the laws of his country. From sordid and contracted principles, generally arise the *Traitor*, and the *Tyrant*. One betrays his trust for gold; while the other tramples on the rights and liberties of his fellow creatures; and generally through a vain ambition, is cut off in the midst of his career. An usurper, is generally a Tyrant; for he who, to satisfy his own ambitious desires, wrongs another of his right; can be looked on in no other light. No sooner are his exalted views satisfied in one respect, than he has something else to obtain. His career generally has a dreadful termination. If he be a monarch, his life is generally sought after; either by conspirators, or individuals. If he be a private character, a curse always attends him.

A Tyrant can be respected by no one: and those who pay the greatest deference to his will, general-

ly abhor him most. His most immediate friends detest him, though they put on an appearance of civility, either from fear or self-interest. Brutus deprived Cæsar of life because he saw where Cæsar's ambition was leading him. Was Brutus, as an individual, justifiable? No. Why did not Brutus suggest some other plan to rid Rome of a tyrant? Could they not have made an exile of him? Could they not have banished him to some foreign clime, where his ambition could have had no scope, and where he might have lived to repent his conduct? But Brutus, like the midnight assassin, taking advantage of the trust reposed in him by Cæsar, with the rest of his murderous crew, seized on him in an unsuspecting moment, and plunged their daggers to his heart. Was this behaving like a man of honor? No; it has added an eternal stigma to the name of Brutus; for although he joined this conspiracy against the life of Cæsar under the pretence of serving his country by ridding her of an ambitious ruler, he went to work in the most barbarous manner, and was ever after the most wretched of men.

The avenging hand of heaven soon stops the reign of tyranny; and the presumptuous mortal, who in direct defiance of the laws of God and man, deprives a fellow-creature of life, ends his own miserable days in ignominious wretchedness. JOSEPHUS.



For the Literary Miscellany.

.....

SEDUCTION.

....

Man were not man, without love's wanton fire;
But reason's glory is to calm desire.—*Savage.*

ONE would suppose, that, if man had no motive to form an honorable connexion with woman, dread of the consequences of debauching her, would be suf-

ficient to restrain his strongest appetite; or, at least, when he had profaned the sanctity of her virtue, to induce him to make the only atonement in his power, by uniting with her in the bands of matrimony. For after such a scene of criminal gratification, what horrid forebodings must terrify the imagination of a young man of sensibility, when the turbulence of passion subsides, and he has time for sober reflection! He has, in an unguarded moment, done an irreparable injury to a female, whose honor was confided to his protection; whose esteem he had gained by honorable conduct; whose love he had won by flattering attentions, by kindnesses and caresses. He has, under the insinuating character of a friend and guardian, and probably after making professions of eternal love, and swearing by all the powers of Heaven, that she should be his alone, tainted her mind by vicious indulgences, and given loose to the restless and ungovernable passions of her nature. By robbing her of her chastity, he has destroyed that artless modesty and innate dread of harm, which, while they were the protection of her innocence, rendered her inconceivably more estimable and lovely. Instead of that vestal sanctity, which refined the gross sentiments and silenced the turbulent passions of all who approached her, the boldness of her deportment, will now proclaim her to be a wanton, to all who are acquainted with the degraded part of her sex. Thus passion, which would have been awed into virtue by the contemplation of her pristine innocence, will be aroused and inflamed by the prospect of revelling in her charms, which her conduct evinces to be an object attained by no great cunning or assiduity.

"She is handsome, therefore to be woo'd,

"She is a woman, therefore to be won."

It will not acquire much exertion in another to win her to his wishes. Her passion, when once indulged, cannot be restrained; and with a constant desire of

gratifying it, she will have nothing but the fear of shame, to deter her from plunging into its excesses. Assurance of secrecy, then, and freedom from suspicion, is the only condition demanded of her lover. This, a thousand opportunities will afford; and, trust me, the first will be seized with avidity. Jupiter of old turned into a Swan, at one time, and into a piece of gold, at another, to indulge in his amours; and history and experience have not made modern lovers less fruitful in expedients. Solitary musings and long walks will be improved; and the "tell-tale grass" will more than once babble her frailty to the gossips of her acquaintances. But ease of access will, after a while, disgust even the libertine, who will fix on some more coy female for the mistress of his lust. Thus, deserted a second time, she will fall, not unwillingly, into the arms of a less delicate debauchee, who will by and by pass her away to a fourth, and she will run the endless round of unsatisfying indulgence, ever changing the instrument of gratification, though never the pursuit. This will be her natural progress from imprudently yielding to the solicitations of one, to the degradation of vice, and infamy of public prostitution. It will probably be accelerated by the *natural effects* of the indulgence of her passion, which will publish her shame to the world, and almost kill her tender relations, by the incredible certainty that their daughter is a harlot. A disgrace so flagrant cannot be borne, even by parental affection, and with the cruelty of her infamous debaucher, when they despair of her reformation, they will abandon her to her course of wretchedness. Ah! what heart-rendings! what inexpressible paroxysms of unutterable anguish are they not called to suffer by her shameless licentiousness! She was their only daughter; the dear object in which centered all their hopes of enjoyment on this side the grave; whose ingenious temper and attractive fondness were their delight, while they saw the fascination of her manners, fix the regard of a long train of admirers. Oh! what

wretchedness, that such bewitching qualities should be her ruin!

And now, young man, with what composure can you look on this picture, clumsily drawn as it is, by one not skilled in delineating such scenes of infallible woe! How can you look at that object, who once thought you more than brother, now faded with debauchery, and pining with disease, and frantic with despair, who, in appalling accents, names you, him who forged

*"The link, first of the chain, that binds
Her to perdition!"**

And while her faltering tongue, prays to heaven for mercy, for the first time since you seduced her, her dying voice arraigns you before the bar of Omnipotent Justice, as that damned villain, who won her love by dissimulation; by perjury gained the control of her person; and then, without one spark of honor or gratitude; without one generous sentiment; without the spirit of a man, of whose name you are unworthy, left her, all lovely as she was, a prey to the harpies of female innocence; left her to the infamy and misery, to which a frail woman is exposed, when once initiated in the ways of sin; to grovel through the filth of mercenary prostitution; abused by the insolence and vulgarity of brutal profligates; to finally rush into madness and frenzy, and die, with all the horrors of eternal damnation! O! think of this, when you have a beautiful female in your power, and pause before you condemn one so estimable to such a fate.

Better not do the deed, than weep it done."

By restraining your passions, and curbing hers, you will prove yourself more worthy her esteem and love; as your superior prudence will qualify you for her constant protector: a character which a woman ever ought to find in a husband, and which every man should be emulous to attain. By thus preserving her from ruin, you will save your own sensibility from a

* See *Adelgitha*.

wound which no time can heal, and teach her tender mind, by such a disinterested example, that it is not her personal attractions, nor your own sensual gratification, which induces the tender of your love and person; but a sincere respect for her virtues, which no allurements can tempt you to violate.

What an exalted opinion must a woman entertain of one, who to the warmest effusions of love, adds such dignity, I would say, sanctity of character; and what a happy foundation will this be for the matrimonial union! Gratitude will fortify and heighten her affection, while the sense of honor will increase your tenderness and delicacy. Happiness, pure happiness, uninterrupted but by inevitable calamity, which will be easily borne by souls united in such sympathy, will be the certain result of such a connexion.

New-York, July 15th, 1811

From the Philadelphia Hive.

....

ON GAMING.

MR. EDITOR,

THERE is no state of the human mind more contemptible, or more to be pitied, than that, which can find no entertainment in itself, none in books, none in rational conversation, none in the intercourse of real friendship, none in ingenious works of any kind; but is continually seeking to stifle reflection in a tumult of pleasures, and to divert weariness in a crowd; or inventing some method (to use the emphatical words of a certain author) to "kill time." The sinful practise of gaming, is frequently resorted to for this purpose, by the deluded sons of apathy and idleness. A practice, indeed, so lamentably prevalent in our city that this it not only merits public animadversion; but loudly calls for the interposition of the magistracy. Nothing I believe has a more unhappy tendency to corrupt the morals of mankind,

than gaming, as it derives its principles from motives of avarice, and the meanest of human passions; and prompts to nothing in its practice, but the most criminal vices. It not only depraves the worthiest affections of our natures, and tarnishes all those exquisite feelings, which dignify our species, but it also often perverts the best understandings, and annihilates every virtue of the heart, in those who resign themselves to its influence. But notwithstanding all these pernicious consequences, it is so strangely predominant, that with many it is in fact a *calling*; and as a witty author has observed, "a laborious one too," since they toil day and night at it, and do not allow themselves that remission, which the laws, both of God and man, have provided for the meanest mechanic. The Sabbath to them is no day of rest; but this *trade* goes on when all shops are shut. "I know not" (continued he) "how they satisfy themselves in such an habitual waste of their time, but I much doubt whether that plea, whatever it is, which passes with them, will have any weight at his tribunal, who hath commanded us to *redeem*, not *fling away*, our time."

THE London papers seem to entertain a ridiculous doubt of the *new marriage* of COOKE the actor, because he has *five* wives still living in England! But what has this to do with the *conjugal* any more than the *theatrical* taste which regulates the morals of America? The comedian himself evidently alludes to this, in a letter to his friend Incledon, in which after condoling with him on the loss of another of *his* wives, he says, "But, my dear Charles, it is the destiny of us actors to assume many characters, in order to perform new parts; I have played *Benedict* often, as you well know, but never entirely to my own satisfaction. I shall probably attempt it again here, and hope to make it successful, by a *new reading*, after the humbugging of our old *managing maeter*, J. K—BLE!"

BEAUTIES OF THE DRAMA.

....

EUGENIA, A TRAGEDY.

..

THE author of this tragedy is the Rev. Mr. Philip Francis, well known to the literary world by his elegant translation of Horace. The chief view of the author seems to have been that of rendering virtue amiable and vice odious; and, in order to this, he has shewn, in the character of Eugenia, that purity of heart, that gentleness of disposition, that filial piety, which gives to youth its best, its truest loveliness: and, in Orphisa, that fortitude of spirit, that dignity of sentiment, that exalted understanding, which form the woman of quality.

The fable of this play is partly taken from a French comedy, published last year by Madam Grafigny, and is as follows:

Dorimond, a Gentleman of prodigious fortune in Paris, whose brother having consumed a fair estate in foreign embassies, and in defence of the honor of his country, and left his two sons, Mercour and Clerval, destitute of support, takes on himself the care of their education and fortune, which he discharges in a manner becoming that generosity and love of virtue, for which he was deservedly esteemed.

Dorimond being very desirous of a child, his wife, in order to secure his affection, artfully procured a female infant, which she pretended she was delivered of during his embassy to Spain. The true mother of this child was Orphisa, wife

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to the Marquis of Delville, who, having killed his friend in an affair of honor, was obliged to fly his country, and leave his wife, before her delivery, without the least support. Dorimond's Lady, having bribed those who attended on Orphisa, had the infant conveyed to her during the pangs of her mother, who, on recovering her senses, was assured that the child died in the birth. In order to make Orphisa some recompence, she was appointed governess to this child, who was called Eugenia. Dorimond's Lady, however, at the approach of death, was shaken at this action, and discovered the whole secret, in two letters; one of which she directed to Dorimond, and the other to Orphisa, which letters she gave to Mercour. Dorimond, not in the least suspecting the integrity of his wife, became excessive fond of his supposed daughter Eugenia; and, an intimate friend of his, dying about this time, and leaving an infant daughter, called *Æmilia*, unprovided for, the generous Dorimond took her under his protection, and educated her with the care of a parent. Clerval, being in the army, accidentally meets with the Marquis of Delville, disguised in the habit of a common soldier; but this habit could not hide his generous and exalted sentiments from Clerval, who no sooner discovered who this supposed soldier was, and the nature of his crime, than he became his friend and protector, brought him down with him, obtained his pardon, and reinstated him in the favour of his Prince. Mercour, whom the poet has painted a complete villain, having debauched *Æmilia*, endeavoured to gain

Eugenia for his wife ; but she, being in love with his brother, refuses his offers. This enrages Mercour, who, in revenge, discovers the letters relating to Eugenia's birth. The generous Emilia, whom Mercour had intrusted with his secret of marrying Eugenia, in order to possess the wealth of Dorimond, acquainted her generous benefactor of his design on Eugenia, together with the story of her own undoing ; and, in order to make some amends for her past actions, retired to a convent. Dorimond, being thus informed of the ruin of Emilia and the real character of Mercour, abandoned him to poverty and despair. The Marquis of Delville having obtained his pardon, and hearing by an intimate friend where Orphisa was, he hastened to Dorimond's house, where he had the pleasure not only of seeing his beloved Orphisa, but also the beautiful Eugenia, his daughter, whom he married to Clerval, by which the happiness of every party is rendered complete.

PROLOGUE,

Written and spoken by Mr. Garrick.

TO damn, or not—that is the question now,
Whether 'tis best to deck the poet's brow ;
With hands and hearts unanimous befriend him,
Or take up arms, and by opposing end him ?
But hold ! before you give the fatal word,
I beg that I, as council, may be heard,
And what few Council ever yet have done,
I'll take no bribe, and yet plead pro and con.
First for the town and us—I see some danger,
Should you too kindly treat this reverend stranger ;
If such good folks, these wits of graver sort,
Should here usurp a right to spoil your sport ;

And curb our stage so wanton, bold and free!
 To the strict limits of their purity;
 Should dare in theatres reform abuses,
 And turn our actresses to pious uses.
 Farewell the joyous spirit-stirring scene;
 Farewell the—the—you guess the thing I mean;
 If this wise scheme, so sober and so new;
 Should pass with us, would it go down with you?
 Should we so often see your well-known faces?
 Or would the Ladies send so fast for places?—

Now for the author—His poetic brat,
 Throughout the town, occasions various chat.
 What say the snarlers?—"Tis a French translation.
 That we deny, but plead an imitation;
 Such as we hope will please a free-born nation.
 His muse, tho' much too grave to dress or dance,
 For some materials took a trip to France;
 She owns the debt, nor thinks she shall appear,
 Like our spruce youths, the worse for going there.
 Tho' she has dealt before in sportive song,
 This is her first stage-flight, and t'would be wrong,
 Nay proaching too, to kill your bards too young.
 Poets, like foxes make best sport, when old;
 The chase is good, when both are hard and bold.
 Do you, like other sportsmen then, take heed,
 If you destroy the wheeps, you spoil the breed;
 Let him write on, acquire some little fame,
 Then hunt him, critics, he'll be noble game.

ACT I.

This act opens with Mercour's discovering to Æmilia his intentions of gaining Eugenia, in order to possess himself of Dorimond's wealth, and then abandon her to her fate. Previous to this discovery, the poet has artfully made Mercour and Æmilia rehearse the obligations they lay under to the generous Dorimond, in the following manner:

Mercour. My father, to support his country's honor,
And his own noble birth, in foreign embassies,
Consum'd a fair estate, and left his sons,
(My brother and myself) dependant vilely
Upon my uncle's bounty.

Æmilia. Oh how nobly
Has he discharg'd the sacred trust of friendship,
And duty of a parent!

Mercour. True; his duty;
Then how are we oblig'd? Curse on the name
Of obligation. How my soul disdains
This insolence of goodness, that enslaves
The free-born mind! Is not his very act
An insult on our wants? Has he not gain'd,
From our distress, the name he most delights in,
The name of good? Methinks a rich return
For trivial benefits, without the slavery
Of endless gratitude.

Æmilia. Surely you mean
T'insult my understanding. As for me,
He took me in distress of infancy,
The orphan of his friend. With every tenderness,
Even of a parent's care, he form'd my youth,
Alas! in vain, to sentiments of virtue.
Here were no ties of blood; no sense of duty;
'Twas innate goodness, and my grateful soul
Through all its feelings thanks him.—

Mercour then proceeds to inform Æmilia that,
in order to facilitate his attempt upon Engenia,
he had offer'd a large bribe to Orphisa, her gov-
erness, which that generous woman had refused
with disdain; adding, that he intended to ask her
of her father:

This morn, I mean to ask her of her father;
And if he, easy man, should grant her to me,
With that unmeasurable wealth, his age
Has long amass'd, when a few days are spent

In the cold duties of the nuptial bed,
We'll fly, *Æmilia*, to some distant realm;
Enjoy each other; be a present wonder,
And leave to future times a bright example
Of constancy in love.

Æmilia. A breathless horror
Heaves, panting, at my heart. Outcasts of virtue,
What nation will receive us? Whither fly?
Where'er the sun drives round the various day,
'Tis the same sun, that here beheld our guilt.
In vain, the midnight cloud shall fall upon us;
Nor shall the grave's eternal darkness hide it;
'Twill rise to future worlds. Oh! could we fly
Far from all human converse; from ourselves,
From conscience and from memory——

Mercour endeavours to persuade her that, instead of proposing such idle arguments, it is her true interest to assist him in this attempt; to which she returns the following noble answer:

Æmilia. Yes; 'tis just,
Most exquisitely just, this purpos'd insult.
And mark it, ye unhappy fair ones, like me,
Thus shall it ever prove, who first betrays,
Will first insult our weakness. Hear me, Sir,
Fall'n as I am from honor, lost to fame,
And hateful to myself, yet dare not think
I basely can betray another's innocence.
Be wise, and dread the wildness of my temper,
Lest it start out in madness to destroy
Myself and thee, with horrors worthy both.

Æmilia being retired, *Dorimond* enters, and tells *Mercour*, that he having observed, for some time, a gentle correspondence between his eyes and those of *Æmilia*, he thought a closer union would be very agreeable to both; adding that,

in order to procure their mutual happiness, he intended to bestow on them a full third of his fortune. This proposal Mercour artfully evades, by giving Dorimond to understand, that Eugenia alone is the mistress of his heart. Dorimond is surprized at this declaration, declaring that he intended to give her to his brother; but, it being indifferent to him which was the husband of Eugenia, he would propose him to her, and Emilia to his brother. Dorimond being retired, Mercour makes the following soliloquy:

What easy creatures
Are these same honest men! so credulous,
'They're hardly worth deceiving. But this governess,
My uncle must discharge her, though her pride
Will scorn to own, I could suspect her honesty.
Emilia wed my brother! Honor, conscience!
I feel ye not; then why should I believe
An idiot's tale about ye. But—impossible—
'Tis beyond hope—He never can consent—He comes.
And with him, arm in arm, a common soldier!
Who can it be? At sight of me, they start.
'Tis guilt; 'tis fear; at least it is suspicion,
Well manag'd, to produce most precious mischief.

Mercour then opens the affair to Clerval, who is prodigiously affected at the thoughts of losing his mistress, and implores his brother to grant him Eugenia, and enjoy himself his uncle's fortune. After his brother is withdrawn, he informs Delville of his unhappy fate, who advises him to fly to his uncle for relief.

Fly to your uncle; pour your heart before him;
'The heart has a peculiar eloquence.
To plead the cause of love.

Clerval. Has not my brother
 The aid of art to paint th' unconscious passion?
 Eugenia's virtues, tho' he feel them not,
 Her beauties, tho' he gazed insensible,
 Are ample themes for counterfeited rapture,
 But why, my lord, your day of happiness,
 Tho' long o'ercast, again is op'ning on you,
 Why should I cloud it o'er?

Delville. And can you think,
 That I'll enjoy the blessings you restore me,
 My sovereign's pardon, honors, friends, and fame,
 Till you are happy? Nor despair, my Clerval,
 For, if without presumption to high heaven,
 The virtuous must be happy.

Clerval. Whence, my lord,
 Are your misfortunes then?

Delville. From guilt and justice.
 Did I not break the laws of faith and heaven,
 When for a point of honor—false, false honor,
 I kill'd the partner of my soul? My friend—
 I loved him, I esteemed him—and I killed him.

Clerval. The king, the judge of honor, as of justice,
 Declares you innocent.

Delville. But in that court,
 Where conscience, heaven's vicegerent, sits su-
 preme,
 Who shall acquit me there?

Clerval. You think too deeply.

Delville. The king is gracious; but in vain his
 mercy,
 Till I can find that dear, that bosomed bliss,
 For whom alone I live. Driven from her arms
 Hopeless banishment; from the pure joys
 That bless the nuptial bed.

Clerval. And yet, my lord,
 Until your pardon pass the usual forms,
 (For you have powerful enemies) this habit,
 For a few hours (no more) must still conceal you.

Delville. I will repress the longings of my heart,
 And wait, my Clerval, think with what impatience,
 For news of your Eugenia.

Clerical. My Eugenia!

Oh sounds! how charming to the hopes of love!
Come love, and virtue come; unite your powers,
Inspire my heart, with honor how to gain her,
Or teach it—oh! without a crime to lose her.

(*Conclusion in our next.*)

For the Literary Miscellany.

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LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

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JUST published by *Jonathan Seymour*, No. 49 John-street, a new and interesting volume, of 166 pages, entitled "*WILLIAM AND ELLEN*, a poem in three cantos; with other poetical works of an American. Published for the benefit of a helpless child." The work is inscribed to Col. Henry Rutgers, Gen. Matthew Clarkson, and Mr. John R. Murray. It contains 37 different pieces, besides the longest poem in three cantos, which occupies 100 pages, and is a delineation of three seasons of affliction. The writer appears to be the same with the author of several poetical pieces contained in this Miscellany. A review of this volume may be expected in one of our future numbers.

THE GOSSAMOUR.

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ORIGINAL.

A gentleman of this city, (by profession a printer,) being one evening rather the worse for an immoderate draught of liquor, fell over the sill of the door and sprained his ankle, so that he was scarcely able to walk for a week; happening in company with

some ladies, he very *modestly* told his son, who was going out of the door, (to screen himself from the epithet of a drunkard, I suppose,) to "beware that hollow in the pavement." "What hollow, father?" replied the boy. "Why, don't you know the hollow where I sprained my ankle?" "Yes," said the boy, "but that was a *flat* hollow."

Ben Johnson, the celebrated poet and humorist, was a brick-layer by trade, and a rigid observer of early hours; his apprentices, therefore, were obliged to be at home every evening before the clock struck ten, as precisely at that time he never failed to lock his doors. One night, however, being somewhat indisposed, he retired a few minutes earlier than usual; he had just got into bed, when the boys came and found the doors fastened; what to do in this dilemma they knew not; but one of them, a shrewd fellow, hit upon the following lucky expedient—in a loud and distinct voice pronounced the following extempore lines:

*"Ben Johnson! Ben!
The first of poets, but the worst of men,
He locks his boys out, ere the clock strikes ten."*

Johnson overhearing him, was so pleased with the lad's wit, that he arose and admitted them without delay.

The house of a clergyman, in the vicinity of Islington, England, was lately broken open and plundered. The robbers, on taking leave, wrote on a piece of paper which lay on a desk—"Watch, as well as pray."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

.....

For the Literary Miscellany.

.....

"What wretch is that?" Clarissa cries;
"Some Bedlamite!" her friend replies;
When up there came a tattered man,
A youth of aspect wildly wan.

"Pray ladies, stay; repress your scorn;
You see a youth, your equal born:
Ah, stay! methinks the ladies fear!
I'm worth five hundred pounds a year."

The fair ones fain would haste away,
But fear constrains them both to stay;
While, trembling, they attempt to find
Some gift, to make the madman kind,

"No wretch—no bedlamite am I!"
The youth exclaim'd, with flaming eye;
Then gnash'd his teeth, and tore his hair,
Stamped on the ground and smote the air.

Down flowed his beard, all wet with dew;
But from his voice, the females knew
With whom they spake, and then was fear
Succeeded by the flowing tear.

When on he went, they heard him say,
"Away, Clarissa, now away!
A frowning father never fear,
I'm worth five hundred pounds a year."

CLIO.

For the Literary Miscellany.

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LINES

Occasioned by Miss E—— U——'s pricking her finger with a needle.

Why heaves my fair one's snowy breast,
With many a plaintive sigh ?
Or why starts out the glistening tear
From 'Liza's radiant eye ?

“ As at embroidered work I sat,
And plied the needle's art,
The erring steel mistook its way,
And pierced me to the heart.

“ Sure never was such killing pain,
Nor e'er such heart-felt grief,
O Strephon, bring some healing balm,
O, bring some kind relief.”

If this my fair one's sighs can raise,
And cause her tears to flow,
What torturing grief, what racking pain
Must wounded Strephon know !

Smote by my 'Liza's powerful charms,
Each day I sadly prove,
That deeper far than pointed steel
Wounds the keen dart of love.

STREPHON.

VARIETY.

.....

"I'll live no more single, but get me a wife,
 For change," says poor Dick, "is the comfort of life."
 A wife then he got, and no mortal could be,
 A few weeks after marriage, more happy than he;
 But when children and squalling began to increase,
 And a loud-scolding partner molested his peace,
 "I wish in my heart I was quit of a wife,
 For change," says poor Dick, "is the comfort of life."

MARRIED,

In Boston, Mr. JONATHAN WILD, Jun. to Miss
 HARRIET JOY. A wit in the Salem Gazette remarks

First courtship WILD, with JOY extatic,
 The brightened hours of life beguiled;
 Then marriage snatch'd the JOY emphatic,
 And left the parties DOUBLY WILD.

*On the marriage of a Silversmith with a Tapster's
 Daughter.*

In Scripture search, you'll find 'tis said,
 That earth to earthen vessels wed;
 But now 'tis plain, the marriage knot
 To silver joins the pewter pot.

EXTEMPORE,

On the marriage of Mr. Fog with Miss Mist.

To Hymen the muse pours forth her oblation,
 In VAPORS CONDENSED, and in thick exhalation;
 On Pegasus, restive, facetiously jog,
 And prove that a MIST is made into a Fog.

EDITOR'S CLOSET.

. . . .

Mercy is like paying the printer for newspapers;
 The quality of mercy is not strained—
 It droppeth like the gentle dew of heaven.—
 It blesses him that gives and that receives.—*Shakspeare.*

WHEN the second number of this work made its appearance in the literary world, it was the intention of the editor that the third number should follow in due season; but the greater part of his patrons were so diffident in paying for the numbers after they had received them, that he was obliged to delay the publication of the third number until the present *doleful crisis*.

"Some of our patrons, alas, for them and us, too few—let the glaring truth stand in capitals—TOO FEW—have reciprocated with heart-rooted utterance the pleasures of payment;" while others have obliged us to endure the grating sound of "*call again*." This we have done repeatedly, but to no effect; the same, or similar excuses reverberate on our astonished senses, and we have scarcely received sufficient to pay the printer.

The editor has now disposed of the establishment, but still intends to conduct the work. The fourth number of this work, will be speedily published, and the rest to follow in succession, provided the public will be as anxious to *settle* for their numbers, as they are to receive them.

The "*RESCUED LAMB*" shall be attended to when the writer will inform us, whether it is original or selected.

The editor returns his unfeigned thanks to the author of the essay on "*SEDUCTION*," and requests an interview, and also a continuance of his favours.

The "*ODE TO INDEPENDENCE*" is inadmissible.

Several pieces are on hand, and shall be attended to,